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# Lehigh REVIEW



## Passing In REVIEW

The Coy Brat pictured below is the sister of Cliff Veder, Alpha Chi Rho alumnus. We met the pretty Miss at Cliff's graduation last June. She was bored with the whole solemn business and left the chapel in the middle of the ceremonies, but she wasn't adverse to posing pertly for her photograph. Cute? No, it was quite casual and we never even learned her first name. Why put her on the cover? Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Up in an aryplane went senior John Ferguson to make the aerial shot of the campus at left. He took with him his battered old Graflex and did the job by poking his ancient lens over the side in the general direction of down and pushing the button while his pilot banked and circled over South Mountain. No, we'll have to admit it. The plane in the picture is faked in. It was photographed on the ground, cut out of the print, and pasted over the aerial shot by the resourceful photographer. **Bet you**  
page one, please

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— TWENTY CENTS —





*Joe DiMaggio*

**HAS SOMETHING  
TO SAY ABOUT HOW  
DIFFERENT  
CIGARETTES  
CAN BE!**

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. Camels have a lot extra. I've smoked Camels steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. Camels don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."




**WHEN BILL GRAHAM** saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.



**JOE LIKES** to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

**DURING THE WINTER**, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."

**JOE OFTEN** dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player*. On this score he says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE  
**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**  
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE  
**LARGEST-SELLING**  
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

**JOE'S GRIP.** "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER  
TELLS ANOTHER

*"Camels agree with me"*

**"We know  
tobacco because  
we grow it..."**

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco know what to smoke—Camels!"



"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."



Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I know that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction other planters got top prices from the Camel buyers too when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco growing business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."



**"We smoke  
Camels because  
we know tobacco"**

**TOBACCO  
PLANTERS SAY**



# PASSING IN REVIEW

... from the cover

wouldn't have known if we hadn't told you. The lad in the cabin who waves vigorously at the campus buildings is Don Luster, member of the Lehigh Flying Club.

Photographer Ferguson is no kiwi either. He flies himself, and he did ground work for Fairchild Aircraft for two summers. On page 14 he writes about the newly organized Lehigh Flying Club and advises: "Go Up, Young Man."

## When You Read

this you will be burning the midnight tungsten in the usual semi-annual struggle to catch up with your studies before exams catch up with you. And just around the corner for some is graduation. Norm Odell in Will Carnell's

photo in this column is really taking the prospect of that ordeal seriously.



Carnell

## The Press of Spring

graduates and others who like to take things seriously we run a special feature of peace propaganda on page 19. Despite the fact that nearly everything one says or does may broadly be considered propaganda, the mere word itself is often enough to leave a bad taste in the mouth. But is not the problem, like that of the farmer whose goose would not lay hatching eggs because she hadn't met the "propaganda," one of the "proper" propaganda? One of right and wrong, of truth and error?

And what more "proper" sort of collegiate propaganda could there be than propaganda in the cause of peace? After all, if war comes it will be Joe College who shoulders the gun and perhaps spills his guts over the shelltorn landscape.

Mainly responsible for this peace page are the editors of Stanford University's "Chaparral." They conceived the idea of a nationwide campaign for peace among college magazines in order to achieve "a nationwide action rather than a heterogenous collection of murmurs." And as the result of their work over twenty college magazines are this month selling peace in full page advertisements. Among the magazines cooperating are the publications of M. I. T., Wisconsin, Dartmouth, and California. Each magazine is writing its own copy for the page, but all are using the same striking editorial cartoon.

## Columbia University's

"Jester" is running the peace ad too. And speaking of the Columbia mag brings us to the point of doing a bit of crowing. Last month we ran a long poem by Ralph de

Toledano, editor of the "Jester," entitled "Of Human Understanding." We prefixed the poem with an editor's note in which we said that de Toledano's work was "outstanding" in the "Jester" and that the "Jester" itself was "outstanding" among the exchanges we receive. Well, since the last issue we attended the national convention of the Association of College Comics at the Hotel Lincoln in New York City. There was the usual judging of magazines, and the judges (editors of "The New Yorker" and "Judge") picked the "Jester" as the best college mag in the country. To those few students and faculty members who found de Toledano's poem off-color and "out of place" we are now able to say: "We told you so."

Incidentally, the REVIEW was the only small college mag to receive an award. We got an honorable mention, and one of the judges (the man from the "New Yorker") even picked us for third place.

The convention, by the bye, was just the usual so and so. We had a dinner and the announcement of awards and a round table conference and a wee nip of scotty and soda and that was that. But the highlighting sidelight of the affair was the lad who came all the way from Ohio to attend the convention and then sat out in the Lincoln's swank Blue Room with his New York flame while the other college editors met in a private dining room.

"Don't you want to attend the session?" we asked him and his svelte blond.

"No," they said in loving unison. And that too was that.

## ... But Not Forgotten

are the three retiring editors pictured in Joe Boyle's jiggers on this and the following page.

Ex-editor Gottlieb, whose bespectacled face somewhat resembles that of his idol Benny Goodman, is a jitterbug. You probably know the word, but if you don't it



Bill the Jitterbug



Pep the Turtle

simply means a guy infected with hot music. As apostle of Le Jazz Hot, Bill has crusaded for his monomania in the REVIEW'S Disc Data column for the past two years. His final stint in that field reposes on page five of this issue.

Bill accomplished the unheard of by rising to the editorship by way of the business board. *Cause Celebre*

over, please

## Passing in Review . . .

of his reign was the Burlesque Incident, a matter of de-anonical (our word) censorship which New York's "Daily Mirror" featured shortly thereafter in sensational full page spread. Bill carried on the good work of editor before Syd Lewis in sprucing up the mag's layout, splurging on pictures, and the fostering of a literary tradition. Under his leadership the mag's circulation upped a good thirty percent.

Pep White, retiring Associate editor, might well have been retiring editor in chief, for he was Bill G.'s strongest competitor for that job. But when election time came around last year he refused the nomination on the grounds of too much work. His chief function in associate capacity, aside from the writing of bits of dry Englishumored fiction, has been that of Policy Oracle and Word to the Wise Man, a job calling for Pep's peculiarly turtle-like caution, tact, and placidity. He looks something like little cinemactor Freddie Bartholomew.

It was the eagleye of retiring photo-editor Bob Williamson which brought the REVIEW'S photos and especially its cover to their present fine flower of pulchritude. Using a big non-candid camera Bob got big, sharp, pulchritudinous and apparently candid prints of an eyestop-



Bob the Eagle

## LEHIGH REVIEW

*Published by Students of Lehigh University,*

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Bethlehem, Pa.*

### Editors:

	phone
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Associates.....	Eric Weiss 2909
	Joseph Boyle 3003
Assistants.....	Howard J. Lewis 2053
	Frank Norris 651
Art.....	Merrill Bernard 2729-W
Second Semester.....	Richard Gowdy 651
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W. G. Duke	Harry Harchar
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David Hughes	
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Frank Kemmer	William P. Gottlieb
Frank Norris	Paul E. P. White
Carl Palmer	Robert Williamson
Walter Vogelsberg	Irwin Harvey
Milton Spilberg	Pax Vobiscum.

Faculty Advisors.....	Dale H. Gramley
	Kenneth K. Kost

ping sort. One of the visiting editors at the above mentioned convention of college comics told us that from a photographic standpoint the REVIEW was the best illustrated of American college mags.

## Quite a Fad

for zoological allegory seems to have developed within our editorial fold. Last month Brother Janulus wrote a piece about a Horse, and Brothers Williamson and Boyle concocted their already famous spread about the Stork. This month our most prolific fictioners, Brothers Weiss and Clark, have for you a story apiece featuring their respective animular majesties, the Dragon and the Lion.

Clark's Lion story runs rampant on page thirteen, and a very clever bit of whimsical whimsy it is. Weiss' Dragon story is also very clever, but is about as whimsical as war, as mollcoddle as murder. When you read it you'll understand what we mean. The Dragon story, by the bye, has a history. Eric first submitted it to our contemporary, "Esquire," and in due time received the usual rejection slip. But this was no ordinary rejection slip, for it indicated that the story had past through *two* readers. Now if you have ever indulged in the hobby of collecting rejection slips you know that most stories, yours anyway, are chucked back into the mails by the *first* reader, and that if they do reach a second reader it is a very very hopeful sign — like being second best in a chess game.

Well, anyway, Eric was heartened by the Good Sign, and planned to rewrite the story, send it back, and crash the exalted gates. Now it happened that one afternoon shortly thereafter we dropped into Englishman Sloane's office for a conference and there we found Eric in confab with Sloane over the aforementioned story.

"What is that?" we said pointedly to Eric.

"Oh," he answered evasively, "some stuff for a course."

"Do tell," said we. "Mayhap some fiction?"

"Sort of," said Eric. Then quickly: "But you wouldn't want it. It's for 'Esquire'." And he told us about the slip and the two readers. "I'm going to rewrite it and crash the gates," he said proudly.

"Do tell," said we as we snatched the story from under Sloane's bespeckled nose.

"You can't have that!" shouted Eric. "Gimme!"

"Nuts," said we. Then we gave him a lecture on where his allegiance lies. We spoke of Duty and Honor and Loyalty to the REVIEW. We must have been very harsh, for he tearfully begged our forgiveness and gave us the story with his blessing. You'll find it on page six. It's so good we're quite willing to swallow our pride and take "Esquire's" leavings.

## Something We Never

could understand is the complacency with which Lehigh's R.O.T.C. unit periodically accepts the William Randolph Hearst Intercollegiate Rifle Team trophy. If there is one man in the United States who has done more to harm the cause of peace than any other that man is William Randolph Hearst, America's number one yellow journalist and war monger. The bad boy of San Simeon is credited by competent historians with having much to do with the entry of the United States into the war with Spain; he has created and pandered to international hate and prejudice; his life has been one of consistent intellectual and material dishonesty; his great facist press is one of the most pernicious dangers to American democracy.

A democratic institution of learning such as Lehigh University should not indulge the dangerous hypocrisy of a man like Hearst.



# Just Twenty... *but* O. G!

What charm!  
 What freshness!  
 And just twenty!  
 Twenty Old Golds . . .  
 No more, no less  
 Than you get  
 In any other  
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 Cigarettes.  
 But O.G! . . .  
 What a difference  
 You'll find  
 In O.Gs!  
 What a difference  
 In the rich  
 Full flavor  
 And fragrance  
 Of their  
 Prize crop tobaccos!  
 What a difference  
 In their benevolent  
 Mildness that comes  
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 In oaken casks!  
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For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

# HORROR OR JOY

The Eugenics Publishing Company Gives You Your Choice

by Howard Lewis, '40

"Because we know that you are a person of mature intelligence; an adult not only in age but equally so in mental outlook; this important communication is sent you on the all-important question of SEX".

We are always one to grant that sex is an all-important question. Only God knows how all-important it can be. Sex has been bothering people for a long time, longer than we can remember. So we were immensely pleased when we got this letter. For two reasons—first, because the opening paragraph made us feel good; second, because it looked like an honest intention on their part to free our life of Sex Worries. Our thanks to the Eugenics Publishing Company ("For the Good of the Race"). No one before had been so emphatic about our mature intelligence, and hearing that a measly eighteen

summers makes us an adult in age was equally stimulating.

We soon saw that this was no ordinary run-of-the-mill letter writer we were dealing with. We were very much impressed with the importance of the message, especially the part in capital letters. (There was a lot of all-important stuff in those capital letters, what with sex ignorance running rife.) Right in the middle of the very first page old E P C says something that should astound you. Did you know that "SEX SO VITALLY INFLUENCES THE INTIMATE RELATIONS OF MARRIAGE THAT IT CAN MAKE LIFE HIDEOUS WITH TERROR, OR GLORIOUS WITH JOY?" Following up their punches, blow upon blow, E P C states flatly, "MORE MARRIAGES ARE DESTROYED IN THE BEDROOM than

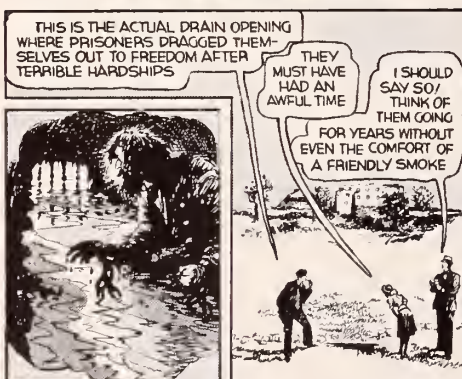
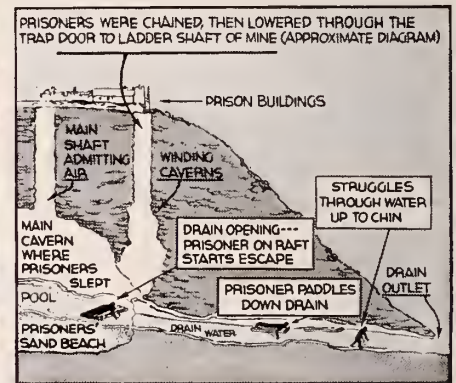
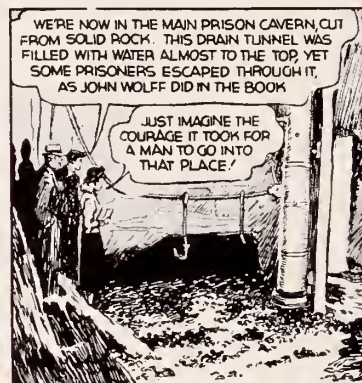
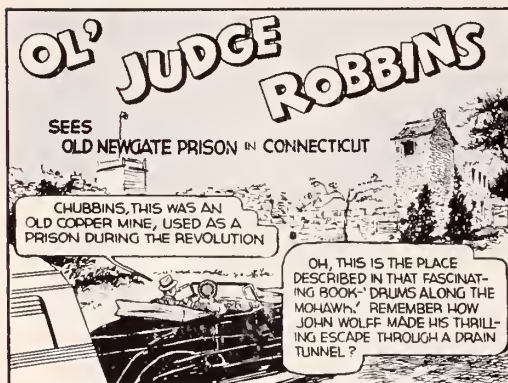
from any other cause?" There, gentlemen, is cause for concern. After all, we must have bedrooms.

Frankly, we were in a good-sized quandry. Ever since we first kissed Hortense, we had a hankering after marriage. But that was before we knew much about this thing called sex. According to the letter here, anybody, even Margaret Sanger, can live a life HIDEOUS WITH TERROR. It's just like tossing a coin.

Here we were, faced with the horns of a dilemma. We've often been confronted by the horns of a dilemma before, but this time looked as if some one had given us a bum steer. It seemed as though the only thing for any gentleman to do would be to go to Pongo-Pongo where sex is more of a hobby than such a serious science.

But it appears that we had reckoned without the Eugenics Publishing Company. We found that they do other things besides write threatening letters to Lehigh students. While we had been ignorant of the doom that lay before us, old E P C had hustled off to England and gathered a fine bunch of physicians out of dear old London.

Continued on page twenty-five



FOR PIPE-SMOKIN' THAT'S EXTRA-MILD, EXTRA-MELLOW, EXTRA-TASTY—GET NEXT TO PRINCE ALBERT. IT SMOKES COOL AND CAKES UP RIGHT!

**PRINCE ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SO MILD!

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

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by Bill Gottlieb '38

THE departure of drummer Krupa from Goodman's band isn't proving as disastrous as the cats feared. Dave Tough, formerly with Tommy Dorsey, has proved the man that can fill Krupa's shoes adequately. Further, Dave brought with him from the Dorsey combine tenor-man Bud Freeman who insists he can't get off any inspired rides without Tough. Bud is certainly a better man than Musso who quit Goodman to join Krupa.

At any rate the new Goodman discs are certainly top flight and much looser than usual—much closer to the intentions of arranger Fletcher Henderson. Get an earful of *Lullaby In Rhythm*, a piece by Edgar Sampson who was largely responsible for *Don't Be That Way*, last month's killer, and *Stomping At The Savoy*. The other side of this Victor is *That Feel-*



Glen Gray — "better moment"

*ing Is Gone*. The Quartet keep up a tremendous pace on *Dizzy Spells*, a snap tune by Wilson, Hampden and Benny. *Lorraine*, on the reverse, is by the trio and finds Goodman's clarinet a bit overdone and weak. But Teddy's piano makes up for it.

It's always good news when Glen Gray varies his usual output with an instrumental specialty. They never fail to produce specimens of the better things jazz has to offer. Decca gives us Gray in *Malady In F*, a first rate frame work for rich, solid breaks by different groups in the band. Pee Wee Hunt's low, rocking voice "sends" *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*. The orchestra backs him with a brand of swing unusual for even Gray in his better moments.

The predicted success of Mildred Bailey's specialty, *Week End of a Private Secretary* (I Went to Havana.) more than materialized and her recorded version was a tremendous seller. She and Red Norvo follow up with less sensational discs that are, nevertheless, equally valuable in any dancer's or collector's album. In the first flight class is an original by Red for Brunswick, *Tea Time*, reversed with *Jeannine*. Maybe it's the spring; but the same thing can be said of the relaxed swing of these sides as has been just said of Goodman and Gray. There are no vocals on either half; so Mildred makes up for it on Vocalion with her own pick up band (Norvo, Wilson, etc.) *Don't Be That Way*; *I Can't Face the Music*. Here's a pair certainly worth the thirty-five cents.

#### ALBUMS, Etc.

Egon Petri shows great vigor and feeling in the dominant piano role in Tchaikowsky's *Concerto No 1 in B Flat Minor*, played with the London Philharmonic. (Columbia) The variety in mood and tone of the concerto is striking and difficult to handle but Petri and the orchestra interpret the music with exciting sureness. These new Columbia records, incidentally, seem to have all the clearness of reproduction that the manufacturers claim.

"Thrilling" may be a trite word; but it best describes the intense, clear voice of Kirsten Flagstad as she sings Beethoven's *Ah, Perfido!* with the Philadelphia Orchestra. There is an almost unending amount of color and

page twenty-four, please

## New Victor Releases . . .

- 25839  
The Girl in the Bonnet of Blue  
Cathedral in the Pines  
Dick Todd, Baritone with  
Orchestra
- 25840  
Feelin' High and Happy  
I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart  
Benny Goodman and  
His Orchestra
- 4289  
Soldiers of Fortune  
Senorita  
Nelson Eddy, Baritone
- 25841  
If It Rains — Who Cares!  
Ferdinand the Bull  
Larry Clinton
- 25836  
I Wanna Go Back to Bali  
Daydreaming  
Rudy Vallee and  
His Connecticut Yankees

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Love  
To"

OF COURSE  
AN EVENING  
AT

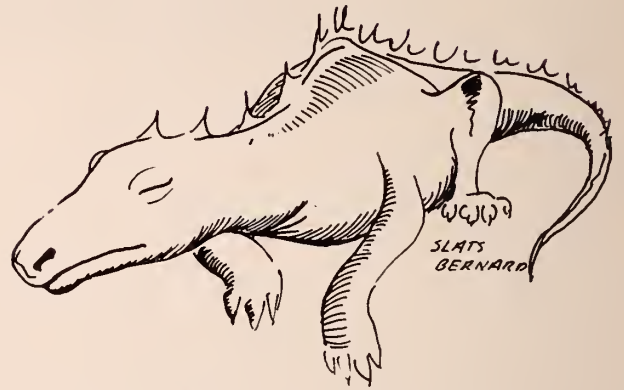
# TOP-HAT

Joe Kinney

# DRAGON ! DRAGON !

## Times Were Hard and Someone Had to Take the Blame

by Eric Weiss '39



**H**E was only a very little dragon and he lived by himself at the bottom of a poorly ventilated and badly drained valley. Mostly he ate water-cress and rock lichens which make up a monotonous diet, but he liked it because he had never known anything different. He was terribly ugly, as dragons are apt to be, and no one ever bothered him, partly because he was so ugly and partly because people never came to that damp and bad smelling valley.

There was a village just over the hill but the people in it were satisfied to stay where they were and they only knew about the little dragon through the old stories that the old men told. And because the old men liked to talk and because the young men listened, the tales about the little dragon grew and grew until the poor beast was spoken of as a great monster and a fire-breathing, maiden-eating horror. The truth of the matter, of course, was that the fire-breathing breed had been extinct for centuries and this little dragon was a strict vegetarian and would probably have been properly scared by the sight of a maiden. But such facts do not make good stories.

Now it happened that this village was owned, land and tenants, by Lord Barnol who was the big man in the British Pork Trust at the time. The village, it never had a name, was the best pork producing unit that the Trust owned, and swine growing was the sole industry of the people. The young men all hoped to be either master swineherders or master butchers and all the young women hoped to marry either swineherders or butchers. Things went on in the village in fine idyllic early medieval style. All day the streets rang with

the cheery squeals of giant porkers as the butchers slit them up, and the hills fairly swarmed with droves of pigs driven by happy swineherds.

But one year a plague hit the pigs and three-quarters of them died. The Pork Trust operated the village on a system by which the pigs were owned by the villagers and were not bought by the trust until after the slaughtering, so when the trust refused to buy any plague-killed pork, the swineherders and the butchers and their families found that they were suddenly without food. As the people got hungrier and hungrier there was mumbling. Then Lord Barnol made an official statement in which he said, "This is all too bad. I am sorry to see so many people in distress. I wish that I might do something, but if we are to preserve free institutions and if we are to encourage the individual initiative that has made England great, we must not promote idleness by any ill-advised program of foolish charity."

After the people heard this statement there was open grumbling and while his lordship was out riding somebody threw a rock but missed him. Lord Barnol went right back to his castle and had the draw-bridge pulled up.

"Something will have to be done," he said to his daughter, Lady Alicia, who was stitching on a tapestry by the very smoky light of a bowl of low grade lard. "Something will have to be done," he repeated, "to take their minds off their troubles."

"Why not give them some of the profits you have down in the vaults,"

"He was only a very little dragon . . ."

his Fool asked. They all laughed because the Fool was always so funny.

"I think," went on Lord Barnol, "that a good hanging or perhaps even a boiling in oil would do the trick."

"No," said Lady Alicia, who had been to a convent and was very wise indeed, "no, what they need is a Cause. Get something to blame the plague on and then lead them in a crusade to stamp out the menace."

"Good," said his lordship.

"But," put in the Fool, shaking his belled head in wonder, "but nobody knows what caused the plague." And again they laughed because their fool was without doubt the funniest thing they had ever heard.

"I know," said Lady Alicia, "I know just the thing. The dragon."

"The dragon?" her father asked, wrinkling his brow and trying to think.

"Yes, the dragon that lives across the hill in the next valley. Blame the plague on him. Get an expedition started to kill him. Everybody knows that he breathes fire and anything that can breathe fire can start a plague. You could have a wonderful expedition with banners and trumpets and speeches and everything."

"Yes, yes, of course," he said. "The dragon. It would be the very thing. A great expedition with banners and trumpets and speeches. Yes, my dear, it would certainly be a wonderful thing. It would take those poor peo-



ple out of the rut they've been living in and give them something glorious and splendid to think about. We must get started at once."

"How about the poor dragon?" asked the Fool, but nobody heard him.

Well, the expedition was organized. First there was a great deal of speech making. Lord Barnol made speeches. Lady Alicia called on the women to send their sons on the holy quest. The master butchers and the master swineherders all said that they would go on the expedition if they were only younger, and with splendid sacrifice they pledged their apprentices to the cause. All the young men, without exception, signed up. They were each given a lance made by the local blacksmith and they were drilled and instructed in the proper methods of killing dragons by an old man who said he had made a deep study of the subject.

They were taught how to find a dragon and how to evade his breath of fire and how to stab him and what to do if clawed by him. In between times the young men and their families were told just how the dragon had caused the plague and how the only way to get rid of the plague was to kill the dragon. Nobody doubted this and it was surprising how quickly the villagers forgot that they were starving and only thought about killing that terrible dragon.

At last the expedition started out. The only two horses in the village were ridden by Lord Barnol and Lady Alicia at the head of the column. Behind them came the two trumpeters blowing as loudly as they could. After them came the ten bravest young men in the village bearing ten huge streaming banners. And then there was the main body of lance carrying apprentices.

When they came to the top of the hill that was on one side of the dragon's damp valley, the lord and lady drew to one side and the trumpeters stood next to them and the brave standard bearers made a perfect right wheel and stood in line behind them. The other young men looked as if they would have liked to stop too, for the valley looked dark and damp and not at all like a cheerful place. But there was the dragon's valley and there they were, so they just kept on going over the top of the hill and down the other side.

As they passed, Lord Barnol stood

up in his stirrups as well as he could and shouted, "Forward!" Lady Alicia had read that in a book somewhere.

The boys walked right into the forest but they were all afraid and they started to lag and hang back. Roger, who was a swineherd's apprentice because he couldn't stand the blood of a butcher's trade, had started out in the third from last row of the little army. He was terribly frightened but he didn't want anybody to see it so he pretended he was in a great hurry to get to the dragon. He walked ahead as fast as he could, holding his lance tightly in his sweating palm and stiffening his lips grimly to keep from crying.

Since he was walking fast while the others shuffled, he suddenly found that he was all alone out in the woods. He stopped and looked around.

The ground under his feet was swampy and wet. The trees were huge and green, and after he turned around twice he had forgotten which way he had come in and he was really lost. Then he thought of the dragon. "You will find the dragon," he remembered he had been told, "in the dampest and marshiest land. It is a cold blooded creature and will seek the cold and slimy places."

He turned and ran as fast as he could out of that swamp. He ran for a little distance but the trees and bushes so tore his clothes and scratched his face that he gave that up and went back to walking. When he came

out of the woods he found he was on a sort of rocky ledge and the sun was beating down off the rocks making everything hot and dry.

"Ah," he thought, "the most unlikely place in the world for a dragon." So of course he looked behind him and there was the little dragon. The dragon just sat and gaped at him.

"Why," said Roger, "why you aren't a dragon, are you?" Although he knew very well that it was.

"Yes," said the dragon. In those days dragons could talk after a fashion. "Yes," he said, "I am a dragon. Will you have some water-cress?"

"No," said Roger and he hesitated.



"Lord Barnol made speeches."

"No, thank you, sir," he added. Then it came out in a rush. "Do you breathe flame?"

"No," said the dragon, and he smiled very sadly. "I can't breathe flame. All I do is sit here and eat water-cress and rock lichens."

"Did you cause the plague?" asked

# VACATION IN STEEL

## An Arts Man Learns About Steel and The Men Who Make It

by Byron Kelly '38

I TOOK the job for the experience; I kept working only for the money. That June the CIO was on the upsurge. "Big" steel had been successfully organized. The U. S. Steel Company collective bargaining contract had been signed, and it looked like a clean sweep for the union. The officials of the Bethlehem Steel Company were afraid, and were concentrating their efforts upon the defeat of unionization.

June stole on to its end; the unionization drive in "little" steel was forcibly broken at Chicago and Johnstown; and the executives began to breathe once more. At last I was instructed to report for work to the superintendent of Open Hearth No. 3 as a common laborer.

One of the first things I had to adapt myself to was a new form of language. Spoken communication was of course impossible amid the noise and uproar of the shrieking whistles and the groaning machines. One had to convey his idea solely by means of gestures, and each command possessed a characteristic movement. Thus I built up a large vocabulary, never, however, approaching the dazzling proficiency of some of the older men, who I have no doubt could by pantomime express with perfect clarity the most subtle nuance of their emotions.

Whenever I heard the clang of the bell that signified that a heat was ready to be tapped, I would drop everything—no matter where I was or what I was doing—and dash to view from some perch or from around some ladle this truly brilliant display. Several times I was reprimanded for so summarily abandoning my work, and it sobered me a little.

The only time I couldn't possibly get to see the pouring was when I was personally assisting in the tapping of the furnace. Such work was known as "slagging". Slagging paid better than mere labor, but after the novelty wore off, this type of work held little attraction for me.

From time to time additions of iron ore has to be made to the slag, in order, they said, to render it capable

of removing by oxidation the impurities of the charge. The manner of introducing this ore was exciting and interesting. The first helper, having by his own secret and peculiar methods determined that the time had arrived to add the ore, opened by remote control the door to this fiery monster of a furnace, and into its gaping mouth all the slaggers, forming what might be called an endless chain, rapidly shoveled the silicon, in the form of dolomite, and the manganese, the first of the ore to go. We had to shovel the ore on to a large spoon-like affair with an extremely long handle. Throwing the ore from the shovel to this large spoon was an accomplishment in itself, acquired only after long years of service. First of all, one was warned not to wear gloves, even to protect his hands from the heat, since constant flexing of the gloved fingers under pressure tended to stretch the knuckles. When a slagger's turn had come to shovel his load into the furnace, he would approach the mouth of the furnace quickly, avert his face from the intense heat, and with a mighty heave pitch his shovel-full somewhere in the general direction of the spoon. Having done that, he beat a hasty retreat. Those of us who were experienced or lucky managed to secure a pretty accurate aim in this split second, while the rest of us . . . They kidded us good-naturedly and let us know they hoped we would do better the next time.

This occupation under normal conditions was thoroughly unpleasant; when we had a streak of hot weather, as we did the latter half of July, the situation became well-nigh unbearable. To be sure, the company provides its workers with salt-tablets. These tablets were to be taken every hour to replace the salt lost thru perspiration. And if one could not sweat, he was warned not to attempt such work. More than likely such an individual would faint while working over the slag—a predicament invariably attended with dire personal consequences. Water, regardless of how over-heated a man felt, was of course taboo. The juice of any citrus



fruit was the best substitute. As far as I could judge, there were two sovereign remedies: a shot of whiskey just before going to work or chewing one of those hot Mexican peppers.

The fellow who suggested the early morning whiskey was about the foulest-mouthed man I have ever met. His language could not be called profanity or even good healthy swearing. Like his face, it was the repulsive expression of a diseased internal condition. We called him the "whoremonger," but then apparently his business was slack. Strangely enough, before I left, I discovered myself holding a sneaking sort of liking for that man. He was very fatherly, giving me frequent bits of advice on how to get around old "sourpuss," the foreman, and much other equally indispensable information.

One rainy afternoon a mechanic fell from one of the cranes he was repairing. Absolute silence, then an excited buzzing; after that no one referred to the accident again. God, how hot that afternoon was!

A wave of prosperity carried me into the Steel that Summer; as it ebbed I rode out with it. It was growing near school-time, and I was growing weary of slagging. Besides, the novelty had long since worn off.



**T**HIS year I'll sing in the Bach choir. I'm no highly trained singer: I just sing for fun and that's why I was so astonished when Dr. Carey picked me for a choir member.

An audition started it. My friend Walt Smith arranged the try-out for me and when, back in November, he told me that I had an appointment for a Bach Choir audition, I shook in my shoes. What would I have to do? Sing a solo? (God forbid!) Sing some difficult passage by sight from Bach? Perhaps they would let me choose my own. (My repertoire, at the time, consisted of a few lusty beer songs of Maennerchorian nights.) In any event, what ever it was, it was going to be exceedingly difficult. But after all, I had my good friend Walt to think of. He had been a pal to get me the audition. I couldn't let him down now.

Assuming a don't-give-a-damn-what-happens attitude, I arrived at Fem-Sem in a rare mood, to find myself twenty-sixth in line. This complicated matters—for a while. But it was a very short while. Taking stock of my fellow tryerouters, I began to realize what a good thing this was going to be after all. Here was a rare collection. About sixty percent were women and most of them were (strange for Bethlehem) not bad at a-1-1. I regretted, as they left one by one, to see them go. Besides breaking up the happy family each one meant one more nearer to the big moment.

At last it came. They led me to the audition room. Dr. Carey took charge at once. Charming is about the best word I could use for my first impression of him. I expected a stern, temperamental singing-master, but found instead one of the most congenial persons I have ever met. He placed me, after handshaking, between the wall and the curve of a grand piano, arranged in such a manner to give a box-stall effect. There was the light of a floor lamp shining full on me. It felt like a bank of three hundred watt spot lights, but it was only a small 50 watt bulb. "Here it comes!" I thought, and it did—with a bang. After a few scales, to find my range, he asked me, "Do you know *Home Sweet Home*?" What a let down that was!

The shock was too great. I just stared. He asked again. This brought me back to consciousness. What? Oh, of course, I knew it. Hadn't I often sung it before? We began, he playing

and I singing. It was fairly smooth for the first few lines. But the last few—let's forget them!

After half a dozen false starts, we finished. Dr. Carey grasped my hand and thanked me, in his charming way, for trying. I left with the thought, "It is nice being in the Bach Choir—wasn't it." A few days later I was surprised almost to death when I got a note saying I had been accepted.

The outstanding event of the first rehearsal was the Moravian sugar cake and the coffee party at the end. The thing turned out to be a hand-shaking marathon. When it came time to hand out the eats I was shoved in line with a bunch of middle-aged woman. I don't know whether it was the characteristic innocent

first couple of rehearsals I picked a seat between two hefty individuals with basso profundo voices. They almost wore me to a frazzle. When we came to a low note requiring a lot of volume, they let out a roar that made my voice sound like an echo. I changed my seat. They are good, but I couldn't compete with them.

This all sounds pretty easy, but most of the time we really work hard. It requires a lot of mental alertness on everyone's part, to hit the right pitch, with the right volume at the right time. Sometimes we practice an entry to one piece as long as a half hour, repeating the same few measures over and over until they are perfect.

Before I had instruction at Bach I didn't know anything at all about

## Bethlehem's Bach A Freshman Makes The Famous Bach Choir

by Robert Reid '41



look or what, but they spotted me at once for a Lehigh student. Then the fun began, for them. But not for long. Nearby I saw Keith and Todd, Inc. tearing around like mad trying to meet all the young gals at the same time. They were doing a pretty good job of it, too. Just as I was making a hasty retreat from my matronly friends, the party started to end.

Rehearsals are really a lot of work. It takes three or four to get you in good condition. It is hard to sing two hours steadily, although we always get a seventh inning stretch. At the

voice control. I had been used to singing bar-room ditties with the boys. There all you do is throw back your head and turn on steam. It's O.K. but in about five minutes your throat feels like a piece of raw meat. We have to learn to control the voice and sing from the chest. The remarkable thing about Bach is that no one in it, with a few exceptions, has ever had any special training. They are all average singers, although some are much better, and some much worse than the others.

# "MASTER" DORMITORIES

The New Dorms — First Move of a Plan Long in Hatching — Are the Brain-children of Our Former President, Charles Russ Richards

by Howard Lewis '40

Illustrated by Stan Guggenheim '39

THE University lies below you; in the distance Bethlehem's smoky panorama takes upon itself an entirely new appearance—the gleaming white Hill-to-Hill bridge flings itself across ribbons of tracks, the industrious-looking drabness of Bethlehem Steel stretches endlessly out to the right. Lehigh's activities are at your finger-tips, the freedom of the mountain above you and the site of a four-year scholastic campaign beneath.

You live in Richards House now, the first of a three-million dollar unit which, excepting the building now under construction, is more or less a visionary proposition. But there's nothing visionary about your new

ception rooms on the first floor, and the dining room and the lounging room.

Your room will not be a royal suite but it will please you. You'll be supplied with your bed and mattress, chiffonier, desk, easy chair, and almost anything else you might need. And it won't cost you much, either, compared to living at a fraternity or even at dorms in other schools. A single room costs about \$190, a one room double-occupancy runs about \$150 per man, and a suite of two rooms will run you about \$200 per person.

The idea of a master dorm situation at Lehigh is, first off, a fairly novel idea, but to other schools it is the

nell and Dartmouth we borrowed numerous ideas of floor planning, most advantageous whenever used before. Plus some ideas that promise to be of interest as new developments.

From the beginning this new addition to the campus has been the brainchild of the former president of the University, Charles Russ Richards. It was he who first conceived the idea, planned and designed the unit, continually urged its building. The initial movement for the new dorm, however, came at a very inauspicious time in the course of events. It was first introduced to the Board of Trustees some time in 1930-31, when the financial outlook was at its bleakest. But the proponents of the plan again brought it up before the board in 1936 when things had taken a temporary turn for the better and all the soothsayers predicted prosperity and good fortune for 1938.

The trustees looked at the plan a little more favorably this time, but before handing down a decision they decided to investigate the balance sheets of the other dorms. They were probably astonished to find that the University had been subsidizing every dorm man from way back by a simple error of calculations. The dorm rents were based upon the expenses of the dorm itself, but some unfortunate individual had forgot to include the relatively high costs of heat and light in with the expenses. The result was that the dorms had been losing money while the tenants were gathering the manna. After hasty corrections and apologies, it was decided that the new dorms, together with old ones, should be put on an entirely self-sufficient basis, the



Bethlehem — from a window of the new dorms.

room, nor the building that it's in. The University, or rather the board of Trustees, spent some two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars so that students could live in comfort and the convenience of the campus. Most of the money went for rooms, but a good bit went for those two re-

accepted and oft times the demanded thing. At Dartmouth, the system has been so successful that it has served as a model for numerous other schools, and right up among them is Lehigh. It is not practicable to be different when others before you have been so successful. From both Cor-



rent taking care of the utilities and at least the interest on the capital. Still the rates will be lower than the rates of the many schools like Lafayette which extract a sinking fund



He is one of many making square ones out of big ones.

plus the interest from the dorm rents.

After the accounts had been straightened, the contract signed with Lehigh-staffed Visscher and Burley of New York, excavators dug the first holes into old South Mountain. The underlying ground, according to all reason, should have been sandstone, but the ages had done their work in rotting the stone into a soft, spongy mass. After they had lost a month in operations digging some twelve to fifteen feet below the expected level, they ran across a layer strong enough to support the bulk of the building. Andrew Litzenberger, Lehigh's architect, was forced to invent a scheme whereby the ground could be tested by applying a strain equal to two and a half times that of the building on an upright two by four prodding into the ground. The situation here was a peculiar one. Running diagonally across the center of the structure was a solid strip of rock in the middle of that soft bed. Had the foundation been laid on the surface ground, both ends would have settled, leaving the middle at its original position and cracking down the center like a huge candy bar.

The site was more of a headache than the foundation, if that was possible. The building had to be placed so that the master dorm at a lower level would not interfere with the

view of the present dorm, low enough so that coming dorms above can look over this one, low enough so that the view from the Lookout will be unhampered by the uppermost building.

With these delays the building which was to have been finished by the early part of the summer will just be finished by the end of vacation. But it will be finished. The postponement of the actual construction and completion has been giving certain faculty members sleepless nights, but according to Litzenberger, the building will be up by the end of August if they have to use floodlights on the damned thing.

Always subject to controversy, the architecture of the dorms was under fire from two sides. There were these two opposing opinions: one wanting the new dorm in the accepted plan of the university, the other favoring a more modern design. The present architecture of the university is commonly called *Tudor* or *Collegiate Gothic*, generally accepted in college campuses since it was brought over from England by one of our prominent universities. The progressive element considers *Collegiate Gothic* a curse on students and the campus alike. The above design seeks a symmetry with the rest of the campus and a more academic and scholarly appearance, but to gain these ends the building must depend on a preponderance of masonry for its support and thus sacrifices both light and room. The more modern planning, used more in the newer European colleges, might be considered out of keeping with the general plan of college and campus tradition but it would permit greater freedom of construction, a lighter weight structure, economy of space, and, above all, more light. The final decision, urged by President Williams, was in keeping with the academic tradition. But the struggle still goes on between the "traditionalists" barking at the disciples of Frank Lloyd Wright who, in turn, shout for functional architectures above all, customs be damned.

The building of the Richards House unfortunately will not put an appreciable dent in the housing problem that has always faced the University—how to get the students out of the town into the dormitories or fraternities. The planners admit that the dormitories' capacity of 138 students will have no effect in itself, but will

serve genuinely as the beginning of a wholesale movement

Right now, getting up to the dorm means climbing over a pile of muddy rocks, tin cans, along rain-washed gullies. The completed building will look like a gem in the traditional pile of stuff. There's an accumulation of debris up there that, by comparison, would make an ordinary city dump rival the gardens at Versailles. On first glance it seems well-nigh impossible to grow anything there, much less make it a beauty spot. But beautify it they will, with terraces swooping down o'er the hill and bunched with evergreens. The job will take a long time, though, almost as long as it took to build the dormitory. Mr. Litzenberger hopes it will be finished by the end of next school year.

It's fairly obvious that the finished product will do a tremendous lot for the campus. For a long time it remained for the naive Bethlehemite to see that the real beauty of the campus lay above the building area, near the arboretum and the lookout. Perhaps this new structure will convince Lehigh students that the University area embraces an enormous acreage on South Mountain.

Seen from the town the present skeleton of the building clearly re-



Litzenberger — he makes dreams come true.

veals how much it will complement and compliment the campus. It stands well above the trees that hide most of the other buildings, as much a monument to Lehigh's strength as the towers of the Administration Building and Packer Hall.

# EDUCATION BY CHOICE

## Being a Suggested Blueprint for Experiment in Advanced Education at Lehigh

by William Dukek '38 and Eric Weiss '39

Lehigh is doing herself an injustice in attempting to be half technical and half arts, for Lehigh, in the clutch of unrelenting powers, must always be a technical school first and foremost. At present she is an "intellectual and aesthetic desert," nor does she possess any of the potential influences to overcome the barrenness.

—LEHIGH REVIEW, 1928.  
Editor: Max Goepp '28,  
Rhodes Scholar.

THE periodic editorial outbursts of disturbed young students, deep-thinking faculty members, and patriotic alumni have frequently centered recently on three such topics as:

1. Culture for the engineer.
2. Why Lehigh should go coeducational.
3. How to raise Lehigh's educational standards.

All these subjects make many words, and glow with pleasant issues for debate. Still, nothing of consequence is done about them. Yet, there is one possible solution to the whole business.

Granted that there is a need for a university such as Lehigh to pro-

bred man with success burning in his heart, it becomes necessary to mend the errors of our present ways.

For our present ways are manufacturing competent engineers whose sole justification to the sheepskin is a handy knowledge of a slide rule and a certain amount of memorized data poured into their skulls in semester dribblets. What the engineer does not have when he is handed his certificate, is recognition of things outside his specialized field; the understanding of the inter-relationship of political, sociological, and economic factors in daily experience, appreciation of such cultures as music, art, and literature, and the broad perspective gained by many contacts with various types and various outlooks of people.

This is a rather general rule, (to which there are many exceptions better and worse) which is a marked phenomenon of our modern educational systems. If this is the impression shared by so many of us who are experiencing modern education, who are becoming convinced that colleges are merely machines for job-training, and not instruments for molding the happy and useful life, then something must be wrong with the whole psychology.

The answer to this problem, and the attainment of these goals cannot be found in the present plan of instruction at Lehigh. Too much concentration of courses is required in training the engineer to permit the substitution of so-called cultural courses. Trying to pour culture into the poor engineer by such courses represents the height of futility, for that much-abused word, culture, cannot be taught by graphs, tables, or assigned quizzes. There is little opportunity for personal or contact teaching. The emphasis on large lecture and recitation sections does not permit that so necessary development that comes with intimate faculty-student association. The recent attempts to liberalize engineering education have merely been patchwork applied to an out-dated system.

And yet, to toss the whole business

overboard and start anew would be an obvious impracticality. The answer has its seeds in ideas recently introduced here but undeveloped. Such things as the program for general education, the shifting of advanced courses into an enlarged graduate school, and the increased emphasis on the Arts college are examples of the feelers a notoriously reactionary institution is putting out in the liberal direction.

It is for this reason that an experiment in education is proposed. The experiment is admittedly intended to follow the lines of the "Chicago Plan" which has been operating with success for six years at that university. The reason that this university adopted the plan is outlined in "The Chicago College Plan" by Chauncey S. Boucher. "As this study (of every phase of life and work in the College) progressed, many of us became convinced that there was also need for a radical change in the method of measuring the student's progress, away from the course-credit and course-marking system, that would change fundamentally the relationship between student and instructor, that would improve student motivation, and that would make provision for the great differences in capacity and in the effectiveness of applying their capacity among students."

These were the aims at Chicago and, in general, these would be the aims of the system here. The mechanics of the experiment there goes something like this: Class attendance is made voluntary. General courses are instituted to let the student survey the major fields of knowledge in his first two years. After this survey period the student is permitted to specialize to some extent in a rather broad field of study. General examinations, prepared and administered by individuals who are not instructors, replace course examinations and course grades.

The object of the university under this experiment is not to train a student to make money, or to do research, or to follow a certain vocation, but is intended rather to make useful citizens and happy people. The experiment is not devoted to the teaching of facts but rather to the training of minds, the training of minds to think and to acquire a critical sense. As Dr. Robert M. Hutchins says in writing of the Chicago Plan, "It seems to me, then, that a general education should be based



Here I come . . .

duce men who are more than mere engineers, and granted that a complete educational background is a nice thing to have for every well-



on ideas and the relation of ideas. Facts and information would be used to illustrate or confirm the ideas under discussion." And later, "Since the future is uncertain—more uncertain today than it has ever been—the girl and boy who leave school armed with an understanding of fundamental



Here I am . . .

principles are the best prepared for real life. That then is the Chicago plan.

Here is a brief outline of the Plan applied to Lehigh.

**FIRST**, a separate school within the university, distinct in faculty, and distinct in budget would be necessary.

**SECOND**, the administration would give official recognition to the program in general education as a starting point of the plan.

**THIRD**, the experimental school would be recognized on an equal basis with all other curricula.

**FOURTH**, a limited number of students, with expressed interest in pursuing such a course, would be admitted to the school.

**FIFTH**, the general features of the Chicago plan would be followed:

- a. Class attendance voluntary.
- b. General survey courses on the major fields of knowledge during the first two years.
- c. After two years, the student would be permitted to specialize in a broad field of study.
- d. General comprehensive examinations, given when the student feels he is sufficiently prepared to pass them, would replace course examinations and course grades.
- e. On the strength of these examinations, the student would be admit-

ted to more advanced courses of instruction.

f. Classes would be very small in size, to permit more "contact" teaching.

g. No daily assignments, homework, or oral reports.

**SIXTH**, the course would be open to both men and women who qualify to the admission standards.

**SEVENTH**, the conference or tutorial method would replace the present system of advisors.

**EIGHTH**, the student in this school would be permitted to take courses in any of the regular university schools if qualified.

**NINTH**, courses in specialized fields in the regular schools would be given, divided into introductory and technical branches, the former type of material for the auxiliary student.

**TENTH**, a separate faculty, qualified and interested in this type of instruction, would be hand-picked.

**ELEVENTH**, the course of instruction would follow the plan of outside reading, original research, lectures, and theses writing.

**TWELFTH**, comprehensive examinations would test minimum factual knowledge in four divisional fields:

- a. The humanities.
- b. The social sciences.
- c. The physical sciences.
- d. The biological sciences.

This, then, is the bare outline of the plan. It represents a very flexible organization, which could be modified in minor points without affecting the main object—to build a background of general education behind a man who wished to specialize. The inevitable result would be to lengthen the time of college preparation required for a technical degree, and at the same time permit a man to emerge unspecialized and broadly trained if he so chooses.

The School of General Education would not be hidebound by such outworn customs as semester time-limits, regular number of hours of instruction, credit hours, or scale of grades. A man could go as fast or as slow as his capacity permitted, qualify himself for his degree by passing his examination, the passing representing the display of such an amount of original thinking and necessary knowledge as a committee of his faculty associates deemed necessary in accordance with his measured cap-

acity. Details such as tuition and financial matters could best be put on an ability-to-pay basis for yearly periods.

To install such an arrangement at Lehigh would be planting an experimental station in a formal, unchanging educational field. The students who undertook such a course would become guinea pigs, scientific objects of appraisal and evaluation.

Two tests would have to be applied; first, the popularity of such methods of education with the students themselves, and second, the result these students achieve later, in comparison with the products turned out by the regular school.

A long-term program would be essential in establishing such a system. To adequately and honestly judge the results of this experiment would be a difficult but solvable task, and not measurable for many years.

The advantage of the suggested program is that it demands no complete overthrow of the existing system; it merely asks an actual trial on a comparatively small scale of



So what?

this new experiment. This is in keeping with the scientific spirit of inquiry, and in accord with principles which a liberal American Government has educated us to these days.

John Ferguson '38,  
Amateur Flier,  
Advises:

# GO UP, YOUNG MAN!

## What It Costs And How It's Done By One Who Does It

**S**O you're going to learn to fly. That's great. It's a cinch that you'll never be any younger than you are now, and now is the best time of all to cultivate a set of flying reflexes which will stand you in good stead later on. Unless you are pretty well fixed financially, you will probably have quite a little trouble trying to fly later on, what with that job, wife and kitchenette that all of us Lehigh men automatically receive upon graduation. Now though, you can swing it if you are really interested.

Actually what will it cost? About nine dollars an hour, and you should solo a minimum of ten hours. Now don't jump out of your hide like that. Uncle here paid sixteen per, and was earning only \$7.50 a week at that, back in 1932. What the hell! Suppose you do have to cut out the beer, take in only one movie a week, and possibly do a little studying instead as a last resort. I don't think you would make the grade anyway—the air is no place for nighthawks like you. Oh, you think that you have the gall to deny your poor shattered nerves their shot of wine, women,

and cinema? And maybe Dad could help out a little? Now you're talking!

How to get started? That isn't hard. Sure, there is an aero club at Lehigh, and you'll want to join that, too. They are really moving along, even though they were organized only last fall, what with appropriate movies, lectures by authorities in the field, and inspection trips to airplane factories on their schedule. Remember this, though. They are specifically prohibited by the University to sponsor either group or individual flying in the name of the club or of the University. Amherst, Purdue, Harvard, U. of P., Smith (yes I said Smith) and other such fly-by-night correspondence schools permit their aero clubs to fly the school colors and enter intercollegiate aero meets; but flying is SO dangerous, says Lehigh. While we are on the subject of the general attitude of the school toward aviation, Prof. Larkin, head of the M. E. department, explained very clearly to me the other day just why Lehigh gives no degree or option in Aeronautical Engineering. The demand for Knights of the Aerofoil is at present very limited. Several very competent schools have been endowed by the Guggenheim Foundation with complete aeronautical laboratories and funds to support them, and are now hard put to it to find jobs for their graduates. Furthermore, the University feels that it is far better to send its graduates interested in aviation out into the world firmly grounded in the more basic and comprehensive field of Mechanical Engineering, and let them specialize in post-graduate aeronautics elsewhere if they so choose. Also, let me give you a warning drawn from bitter personal experience. When you get to be a senior, and fill out the job

application blank for Mr. Morgan, *don't include aviation as possible interest.* An interviewer from Amalgamated Stoves, Inc., will drop you like the proverbial hot potato if you do.

Amalgamated and its kindred brethren of solid, well established firms, form the main outlet for Lehigh's manpower, so don't sneer. They constitute your main chance for cakes and coffee. If a young man applies to them for a job, admitting even a passing interest in aviation, they consider him a poor prospect. They feel that he may only be using them to acquire a little money and experience before heading for the more glamorous type of work. Yours truly made the mistake, last Easter vacation, of mentioning a visit to Glenn Martin Aircraft while talking to a Western Electric personnel man. He immediately concluded, with the romantic feeling toward aviation that our near elders still cling to, that I was simply dying to become a second Scorchy Smith, and would go tearing off to Pango Pango on a box kite as soon as the opportunity presented itself. It took half an hour of hard and fast talking to even partially dispell this attitude.

But to get back to your present interest. For the actual flying simply go out to the airport and tell them that you want to learn. You will start with a little study of the plane on the ground, its controls, power plant, and the reasons why.

Let's take a look at the controls and instruments which will have to be understood before you leave the ground. First, of course, there is the stick. Forward or backward motion of this noses the plane down or up; right or left motion tips the plane right or left. Don't be fooled in case the ship has a "steering wheel" perched on top of the stick; it's not for steering. Turning the wheel is



Stoumen



a substitute for the side motion of the stick; it merely tips the plane one way or another. Actual steering in either case is accomplished by the rudder pedals, which are placed in positions comparable to the clutch and footbrake pedals in an automobile. The rudder pedal action is exactly reversed from your "Flexible Flyer." Pressure on the right pedal turns the plane to the right, and conversely. Wheel brakes, if any, will

plane has reached a safe altitude of 1,000 feet or more), and poised on the runway for a takeoff. The motor roars in response to the open throttle (you feel the noise rather than hear it); the plane moves forward at a slow waddle which rapidly becomes a slamming gallop; you are acutely aware of the dual controls as they wiggle in response to the touch of the pilot ahead. Suddenly the plane wrenches itself free from the ground,

You start bringing the ship down at a certain point, and let's further suppose that you make a fair landing at the place at which you planned to set her down. Fine! Let's try it again. You take off and circle the field for another try, beginning your descent at about the same point as before. But in the meantime, somebody has turned off that head wind, with the result that you overshoot the point at which you wanted your wheels to



Ferguson

**1** Allentown's pilot "Wiley" Post gives fledgling Don Luster dope on motor.

**2** The controls and instruments; how they move and what they do.

**3** A last word before the first take-off. "And don't get nervous!"

be located at the tops of the rudder pedals, and are actuated by an even pressure by both feet, thus avoiding turning the rudder. There is also a stabilizer control used to trim the ship longitudinally while in flight. The major instruments encountered will be the compass, tachometer (revolutions per minute indicator), gas gauge, oil pressure and temperature gauges, airspeed indicator (how fast the plane is going through the air; not speed in relation to the ground), and the altimeter. In some ships we find in addition to those just mentioned the gyro compass, bank and turn indicator, rate-of-climb indicator and necessary electric meters. Finally, of course, there is the throttle, the carburetor mixture control, and the ignition switch. These instruments are all important. The good pilot, however, is trained to take in the whole panel at an occasional glance, and his attention will be immediately caught by an instrument which shows that something is not normal in the ship's behavior.

After you have this and much more salted away, you will really begin the flying part. Imagine yourself in the cockpit behind the instructor, confronted by a set of dual controls (which, for the time being, you will not be allowed to touch until the

and as you look over the side you find yourself floating in space, the ground being pulled away from behind and below. At a thousand feet you get the signal to take over. You place your feet on the rudder bar; your hands go white at the knuckles as you grasp the stick in a death grip; the pilot lets go (maybe); and here you are actually running the darn thing. Keep her in a straight line. Now she's nosing down, so pull back a bit on the stick to bring her up . . . hey, not so much you — — — (the blanks depend on whether your instructor goes in for mental reservations or language) . . . and keep in a straight line . . . and keep that nose up . . . right wing up a little . . . watch the nose again. There, that's better . . . now start a wide turn . . . little more rudder . . . not bad. Twenty minutes are up, and back to the field.

A few more lessons in the air on turns and straight flight and you will be ready to tackle takeoffs and landings. Here is where the fun really begins. Up until now you have been moving in one medium. The problem now is to change from one medium to another, which involves learning to compensate for relative motion between the two. For example, suppose you are flying in toward the field for a landing in the face of a head wind.

touch the ground. Add a miscalculation of speed and altitude to a change in wind, and you can easily overshoot the whole field. If you discover that you're coming in at too great an altitude, you can employ a trick known as the sideslip. It is accomplished by starting a turn, and banking the plane the "wrong" way, with the result that you come in crab-fashion, losing altitude without picking up too great a speed. If you approach the field with too little altitude, the sooner you realize the fact and give her a little motor, the better it will be for all concerned.

Gradually you will gain in confidence and ability, until some fine afternoon, after three or four takeoffs and landings that were "not bad at all," the instructor climbs out and says "Take her." And off you go, with the worst case of "buck fever" imaginable. Lord, how fast she gets off the ground with only one person aboard—once around, and now you've got to land—you're too high—much too high—slip it—straighten out—still too high, and now you're coming in too fast— here comes the ground—why did you lie about those Valentines—BAM! Bam! bam! Didn't even break the landing gear—ow, ow. Naw! Nothing to it. Next week you can fly over town and try spitting on the Maennerchor.



# An Editorial

## The Faculty Spanking Committee

appointed to investigate undergraduate publications and particularly the naughty REVIEW has completed its work and submitted its report to the faculty. That body has just adopted the following recommendations:

1. That hereafter executive positions on the magazine shall be restricted to students who have successfully completed certain as yet undecided courses in journalism, this requirement not to apply to contributors who have no desire for ultimate executive positions.
2. That an advisory board composed of representatives of certain honorary student societies be created for the purpose of making the magazine more generally representative of student interests.
3. That the present constitution of the magazine be revised to incorporate the foregoing and "to bring it as far as possible up to the standards of the 'Brown and White'."

Because we are well aware that the attitude and motivation of at least a part of the faculty committee were originally hostile and unfriendly to the present free status of the REVIEW, we are especially pleased, with minor reservations, over the outcome of its work. Particularly acceptable to us is the first point above, for we have found in the past that those men who have had some training in journalism before writing for us have usually done better work than untrained writers. They know how to prepare copy and, importantly, how to write interesting leads. This faculty recommendation is all to the good, and is, moreover, something which we have asked for in the past and have always wanted.

We would suggest, however, that the plan be slightly modified to include both journalistic and literary training for future REVIEW men.

As both of these trainings are essential for good editing, we would suggest that a course in literary expression taught by a member of the English department be included in the plan, along with the proposed journalistic work. It might also be a good idea to require at least one semester of regular work on the "Brown and White," though the requirements should of course not be made so great that because of the large number of credit hours involved, major REVIEW jobs would be restricted to journalists and English majors.

A considerably modified leftover from the drastically modified original plan of the investigating committee is the second point above regarding the creation of an advisory board of honorary society representatives.

In its present modified form the REVIEW can also accept this proposal with pleasure and with the expectation of profit thereby. If such an advisory board can give us useful ideas and perhaps even usable stories and articles we heartily welcome it. This board, as its name implies, will be an advisory board, will not be a part of the regular REVIEW board, and will have no vote in board meetings.

It is to be hoped that the advisory board will not degenerate into a collective body of vested interests, each man lobbying for more of the material in which his particular society is interested. Thus, it would hardly be constructive for the representative of Tone to continually harp on a we-want-more-music-in-the-magazine theme. If, on the other hand, he came through with an original idea or a good piece of original writing on a musical subject, everyone concerned would be pleased. Among the societies represented should be, contrary to the committee's plans, Pi Delta Epsilon, honorary journalistic fraternity. For certainly a man from the journalistic fraternity should be at least as valuable to the magazine as one from a musical or even a philosophical society.

The third point in the faculty plan, that the constitution of the magazine be revised to incorporate the foregoing and "to bring it as far as possible up to the standards of the 'Brown and White,'" is somewhat more open to objection. For in the

first place, the constitution of the REVIEW is a student document and is not subject to faculty amendment. If, as it has said it does, the faculty wishes to preserve a free campus press, such constitutional action, if at all, must be taken by the magazine's board in the usual manner. As the first two points in the plan are in general acceptable to the magazine, constitutional action will probably follow in due course and by due procedure.

The crack about bringing the REVIEW "up to the standards of the 'Brown and White'" is malicious and unwarranted and calls for, we feel, objective and warranted examination of the origin, development, and fruit of the problem.

DATA:

1927—Professor Percy Hughes founds the REVIEW in the form of a philosophical quarterly.

1935—The REVIEW reaches out to a much greater body of readers by becoming a monthly of general and not specifically philosophic content.

1936—As part of a series of good-of-campus figures the magazine runs humored tongue-in-cheek writeups, a non-flattering caricature and article on Professor Hughes; angered, Hughes asks Dean McConn to censure those responsible; artist and writer get a mild talking to from the Dean.

April, 1938 — a. Hughes reads a realistic short story in the March issue, which story he finds immoral and out of place. He also objects to certain illustrations as immoral, and finds the general level of the magazine morally low. In faculty meeting he proposes the formation of a committee to investigate campus publications, carries the motion by a narrow margin, and is appointed chairman.

b. Hughes calls a representative of the magazine to his office, tells him the magazine is immoral and worthless, that it should be turned back to a philosophical quarterly or entirely suppressed, and that it would be a good thing if the present editors would resign.

c. About the same time the magazine is picked as the third best college magazine in the country by an eminent judge (see page one). May, 1938—The faculty accepts the recommendations of the investigating committee modified so as to continue the magazine in its present form.

b. At a meeting of the board of



# A WALK IN THE PARK

Tale of the Lion, the Lady, and a Small-town Yokel

by Robert Clark '38

IRVING had come from a small upstate town about a month ago and found a job in the city. He was lonely and wished for the friends who were far away. Because it was spring, soft promises of the evening had lured him into the park. Everything there seemed to be alive and poised in subdued expectation.

The park was empty except for Irving and a rather attractive girl whom he could see sitting on a bench by the path ahead. She did not notice his approach and seemed to be staring unconsciously ahead of her. The lines of her face were soft and almost wistful in meditation. Irving noticed that she wore a light print dress and liked the way her black hair curled behind her ears.

He wanted to speak to her. Picking up girls wasn't his specialty, but this one was so nice along with his loneliness and the evening. He wondered if she'd mind and how to go about it. The gravel crunched under his foot. She looked up with a startled expression as though he had intruded upon her innermost privacy. This was the moment. But he lost his nerve—could only avert his gaze and stumble on.

Ten paces later he was furiously reproaching himself. Now it was too late. Why didn't he do it? What could he lose? She wouldn't do anymore than say no. Maybe she came to the park often. But no—he was sure he'd never see her again. Now she was gone forever. She was swell though.

Of course he could turn back, but he couldn't. She probably is waiting for someone, he rationalized to himself, and you couldn't pick up a nice girl like that. Anyway he knew from experience that the moment had been lost. He would think about her a little that night, but in the morning she'd be just one more to add to the long list of girls whom he didn't pick up. Most of them were forgotten now.

His only outward show was to sigh: "Understanding eyes—what a hell of a nice kid." Then he noticed that he had come up to the Lion. The Lion stood upon what once must have been a wall. Just now there wasn't much of the wall left, except enough for the Lion to crouch upon. The part in front of the Lion extended for several feet and ended abruptly with a curved stone which might have served as a gate post.

The Lion fascinated Irving, especially the lifelike carving of its flowing mane. Irving studied the Lion a

moment as he had done so many times before. Suddenly the thought occurred that he could stretch out upon the wall using the curved stone as a headrest. The stones still retained some of the sun's heat, and Irving had a feeling of well-being as he lay there and gazed into the Lion's face.

Forgetting the girl, he tried to imagine himself a statue, remaining immobile day in and day out while people passed. Then he wondered how long it would take his clothes to rot from him if he suddenly became a statue.

Turning his attention back to the Lion again, Irving suddenly realized that they both were things of the earth—from the same dust as it were. Probably the substance of some prehistoric man who once ran across the plains went to make up part of the stone in the Lion.

"Nice evening, isn't it, Irving," the Lion suddenly said.

"Huh?" he stammered.

"I said it was a nice evening," the Lion repeated.

"But, uh, are you alive?"

"In a way, yes," the Lion answered in an airy manner. "You see,

like all art, I was created by a human being. No artist, sculptor, or musician can create anything without giving it a definite part of his being. You can see that most clearly in the difference between a portrait and its subject. Perhaps the best portraits are done by the artists who best understand their subject. Don't you think so?"

"Yes—but why don't you include writers?" asked Irving who sometimes dabbled with it.

"Writing is different," the Lion said seriously. "Words are symbols which have to be learned, and one word has so many different meanings to different persons. It's a sort of bastard form of art, but even a child can enjoy the other things."

"Well, how about symbolistic painting?" asked Irving who was beginning to enjoy this.

"That's not art."

Irving laughed with more joy than he had since coming to the city.

"Oh, I know I shouldn't put myself up as an art critic," the Lion continued. "Lord knows I was only created by a hack sculptor as you might say. Lions were his specialty."

"He did a swell job."

"Thank you, Irving," said the Lion with a hint of modesty in his voice.

"How about this?" the young man asked in perplexity. "I mean can all works of art talk like you?"

"Sure, but the conditions have to be just right. It has to be something like the way you were wondering how it would be to be a statue and

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**A Walk in the Park . . .**

concentrating on me."

The man thought this over.

"Come now, Irving, how would you like to try being a statue? Change places with me for a night?"

"Gee, I don't know . . ."

"Well, why not?" said the Lion adopting a tone of slight agitation.

"Suppose you never came back again?"

"You can have my solemn promise that it will only be for a night. And my word is as good as my substance, which goes back to the beginning of life. Besides, what good are you doing with your body? What would the world lose if you were to die tonight? You aren't living. Why you haven't even got a girl on a beautiful night like this."

That last hurt. "All right," he said grudgingly, "but only for a night."

"Only for a night, my word upon it. OK, here goes," said the Lion in a busineslike manner. There was only the sensation of the first dip of the roller coaster, and Irving found himself staring down at his body which lay on the stones at his feet. Irving's body, now the Lion, winked at him and sat up. Irving tried to wink back, but he couldn't move.

The Lion reached in his pocket, took out a pack of cigarettes, lit one. "Good stuff," he commented, blowing a cloud of smoke. "I always wondered what it would be like."

Irving suddenly found that he had no desire for a cigarette. Another thing which bothered him was that he couldn't hear the Lion's voice, but he knew perfectly well what he was saying. Somehow he had expected that hearing the Lion talking would be like hearing your own voice being played back on a record. He asked the Lion about this.

"It's this way," the Lion explained, "you're a disembodied mind. We communicate with each other in a manner like telepathy. In our conversation, I could tell your thoughts. You really didn't need to speak. You didn't know that did you?"

Irving was embarrassed.

Someone was coming down the path. It was the girl on the bench.

"Boy! No use wasting any more time," said the Lion swinging his legs over the wall and jumping to the ground. "See you in the morning, Irv."

From his pedestal, Irving watched the Lion approach the girl.

"Good evening," the Lion greeted her pleasantly. "Surely you don't want to spend a beautiful night like this alone?"

"Not interested," she answered coldly.

"Oh ho," chided the Lion, "nights like these are a heritage from God to man and woman—these stars floating in a sea of cobalt, the silhouettes of foliage trembling under seductive caresses of the night breeze, the voice of the city intermingled with the murmur of a thousand forms of life. And best of all—I give you the moon, patroness of love since the beginning of man and woman. Were there ever two persons in love whose passionate kiss of avowal the moon has not seen? And I, a man alone, cannot appreciate this. To be fully realized, any beauty in the world must be sought through womanhood."

The girl was silent and just looked at the Lion.

"Say," he continued in a light tone, "do you think I'm trying to pick you up?"

"That's quite obvious, isn't it?"

The Lion's laugh was that of a man who makes a delightful game of life.

"Suppose we were introduced at a dance with just enough time for the introductions before you floated away in someone's arms. Then I meet you tonight. You know nothing more of me than you do now, but you would talk to me. Wouldn't you?"

"I guess so," reluctantly.

"There you are, slave of convention and chance. If I had met you, it would have been just because one person happened to know both our names."

"But it's not the same," the girl cried out in agitation. "I can trust the judgment of my friends."

"Yes — yes —," said the Lion blandly, "and many a girl has been ruined because of that supposition. It all boils down to this: you want some third party to blame in case I turn out to be a cad. You're afraid of your own judgment. Don't you find an unknown person an interesting adventure, full of untold possibilities? No, you just sit around and let your friends choose your future friends—that and fate. To get the best out of life and people, young lady, you have to dig and discard."



# Congratulations!

SO

you're going to graduate! That's very nice! Congratulations!

But take another look at the cartoon. That's you in lower left. You're pretty small, aren't you?

The Big Guy, you recognize him, has a sword and a torch. He means business. When you tangle with him you'll come back minus a lung of a pair of eyes. Or maybe you won't come back. But if you do, he'll burn to ashes your ambitions, your ideals, your hopes. He'll shut your mouth and regiment your brain. The past four hard years will go up in smoke. Waste. He'll show you a real graduation.

What can you do? If you believe that war is wrong and would like to do something about it, you can and should get sore as hell. You live in a democracy, and you have a say in your government. So write your congressman and tell him you'd like to keep yourself in one piece and he'd better see to it. Write to the President and tell him to quit our shameful bluff at neutrality against the legitimate Spanish democracy. Tell him to help Spain stop the invading war-makers in their tracks. Free speech and a free press are essential for a democratic peace, so raise hell with Mayor Hague. Get sore, good and sore, because yours is the biggest stake in the pot. Get sore as hell, and yell, write, vote for peace.



The above cartoon is appearing this month in more than twenty college magazines from coast to coast as part of a nationwide effort at concerted peace propaganda by the various publications cooperating.

## A Walk in the Park . . .

"Suppose I know now that I don't care for you?"

"Snap judgment. How can you know when we haven't seen each other as long as fifteen minutes. Trouble with you is that you're afraid to take the chance. For a full life; live dangerously. You may die early, but at least you've really lived. Living is a matter of intensity, not time."

The girl smiled: "I'll take the chance—for the full life, Mr. —."

"Lion. I've been called that for a good part of my life."

"I can see the reason."

"Shall we walk?" The Lion linked his arm with the girl and they passed from sight.

Irving watched them go. So it was just that easy. He could have done it too, but the Lion certainly could pile it on. Then he began to feel his mind enlarged into the spheres of the universe. While the Lion was talking with the girl, Irving hadn't been able to read their thoughts, but somehow he had gotten the tone implied by the spoken word. Now he felt himself grasp the knowledge of the universe. All that men had achieved in thought and action since the dawn of humanity was in his mind. He could conceive all from the universe down to the atom. There was only one limitation which approached that which men call God.

Then he had a chance to test his new powers. A man and a woman were approaching a bench near his pedestal.

(*here's a good place for a sweet neck*) "Listen, honey, it's nice here. Let's stop and look at the moon," the man said.

(*here it comes now he wants to paw and kiss me*) "Sure, Al it is kinda pretty isn't it?"

They sat down and Al put his arm around the girl.

"Pretty damned quiet here. Huh, baby?" he said. (*not too bad to look at dumb as hell though got to get myself a date with that jane at the switchboard*)

"Yeah," agreed the girl, squirming a bit to make herself comfortable. (*he sure spreads the icing thin the big lug said we might go to the Casino here we sit in this damned park*)

(*no use wasting anymore time*)

"Did anyone ever tell you that you're a nice kid, Ellen?" (*now I'll try kissing her when she's talking*)

(*do they all use that line why did I ever let that dirty blond in 'Hosiery' get Hank away from me*) "Now that's no question to ask a —." (*for god's sake why doesn't this mug shave Oh Hank I loved you wonder if Hank will come back to me*)

(*hmmn is this baby hot wonder how far I could get*)

(*this boy has been around why the hell shouldn't I been so damned blue since Hank and me busted no Al's the kind of a louse who'd brag to the whole store stay clean for Hank*)

They left in a short while with the girl pleading that she needed some sleep and that her mother always waited up for her. Irving watched them go. He wondered what time it was, but he now conceived time as an eternal blanket covering the universe.

The morning sun was shining in his eyes. He awoke to find himself lying, flat on his back, on the pedestal. The Lion crouched before him, immobile and impassive, just stone and no more. The whole thing was just a dream. Irving glanced at his watch, an hour to change his clothes, shave, and make the office. He slid to the ground. Lord, but his body was stiff and tired. The Lion might well have tramped around in it all night. Still—sleeping on that damned stone was enough to make anyone feel that way.

He didn't get much work done at the office—couldn't stop thinking about it. That night he was back in the park again looking at the Lion. He slapped it on the side. No, it was impossible. Here he was perfectly sane and living in the twentieth century. Such things didn't happen. It had seemed pretty real, but then so had a lot of other dreams. Nor could he get the Lion to talk again tonight. He laughed at himself for being such a fool.

He heard footsteps on the path and turned. It was the girl. She came up to him smiling: "Hello, hope I didn't keep you waiting long."

What was that?" She was talking to him.

"You said last night that we should meet here by the Lion at seven-thirty, and here I am a half an hour late. I was almost afraid that you would

think I wasn't going to show up," she laughed, then sobered quickly. "Why are you looking at me that way? Are you angry?"

"No, it's just that —." And his voice trailed away as he stared into her face.

"Tell me — please."

"That wasn't I who made the date with you last night."

"No," she said sweetly, "then who was it?"

He pointed toward the statue: "It was the Lion here."

"And what are you tonight, the lamb?"

"We'll see," he answered happily.

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## Editorial . . .

Publications, Hughes admits that the magazine compares favorably on moral grounds with other undergraduate magazines which he has examined.

c. The REVIEW now accepts the recommendations of the committee in their modified form with minor reservations.

Because Professor Hughes has the reputation of having one of the most profound, kindly, and subtle minds on the campus, and because we have in his classes learned to admire and respect him, it is particularly disappointing to us to catch him in an ethically narrow and philosophically untenable position. Thus, it is his considered judgment that the whole modern school of realistic literature is a mere "fad", and that the works of such leaders of modern expression as Hemingway, Dos Passos, Sherwood Anderson, Joyce, and Faulkner could without loss be tossed in civilization's ashcan. This is plainly a peculiarly personal and private opinion as it is not generally shared, and it is ethically wrong therefore for Hughes to attempt to enforce it upon a body of writers and editors who, contradictorily enough, study such significant modern writers as part of their regular curricula in the same University in which Hughes holds his chair.

We are wholly unable to agree with his admittedly Victorian literary and moral standards. Nor can we at all agree that in regressing

over, please

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to our original form of a philosophic quarterly as he suggests we would be taking a step forward. For in that state our appeal would be limited to a very small proportion of our present readers and writers, and our service to the University as the only undergraduate medium of literary expression would be proportionately decreased.

To sum up. The REVIEW accepts with pleasure the first two recommendations of the revised and faculty-approved plan of the committee; it rejects in form but accepts in principle the third recommendation; it is highly gratified that the faculty has maintained its self-respect by refusing to impose censorship upon the magazine; and it reaffirms its editorial independence and integrity. Within the very real bounds imposed by its considered editorial judgment and the faculty counsel which it frequently secures on a voluntary basis, the REVIEW will continue, as in the past, to write as it pleases.

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"I wish, Mr. Willowbee, that you wouldn't take that sixteen measure rest so literally."

pitch of the piece until they are literally sitting on the edge of their seats, raring to go. When the piece is played he uses facial expressions, arm movements, and the like, as cues to bring out the emotional expression he wants from the choir. If he wants tears, the expression on his face would almost make you burst out yourself. If he wants the laughter of a ribald crowd, his carefree antics almost puts a scornful laugh in your voice. It is this emotional expression in the voices which, among other things, makes the choir the outstanding of its kind in the country.



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## Dragon! Dragon! . . .

Roger picking up his lance that he had dropped. He was much braver now.

"What plague?" asked the dragon. He was so obviously sincere that Roger believed him.

"You mean that you didn't cause the plague?"

"What plague?" The dragon was really puzzled.

"Why they told us that you did it." Then another thought came to Roger. "You're sure you're a dragon."

"Yes," the dragon told him patiently, "I am a real, honest-to-goodness dragon, but I never cause plagues or breathe fire. I just sit here in my damp little valley and eat and sleep, and if you would go away now I could go on with my nap."

"I'm sorry," said Roger. He turned around to go back to the village to set matters straight. Then he remembered that he was lost so he looked again at the dragon. The beast had curled his tail around his head and had gone to sleep.

"Ahem," coughed Roger to attract his attention.

"Yes," said the dragon without uncurling.

page twenty-seven, please

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## HORROR OR JOY

Continued from page four

These fellows hammered out an encyclopedia in jig time while our publishing company was rushing around making arrangements "so that no man, no woman who needs the knowledge will be unable to purchase a copy."

The finished book in itself, they tell us, is amazing. *The Journal of the American Medical Association* makes the quite enigmatic statement that "the volume contains a good deal of information not available elsewhere under a single cover." There are forty chapters that cover everything from "The Seductive Kiss" to "The Soft Chancre and How to Recognize It."

We heartily recommend this book to the student body. We haven't read the book. But if it's any thing like that letter it must be good. Most of us have played around at this game of SEX



more or less amateurishly; *The Encyclopedia of Sexual Knowledge* gives every one a chance to become a professional and then who knows?

Some of the vulgar members of the audience suggest a box score so that the more enterprising readers can evaluate their progress. Another fellow suggested a new Society of Gold Star Mothers, but to keep our book from losing its quaint charm, we must resist any attempt to make a joke of the affair.



Girls would run from Bill's embrace;  
His breath was more than they could face.  
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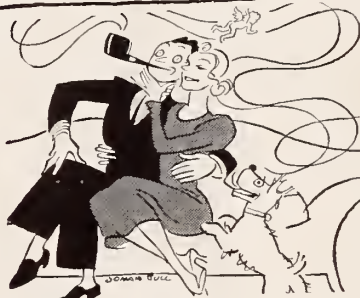
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## EPISODE

by David de Beauchamp, '41

I'm just sitting in the wagon by myself eating a hamburger and having some coffee after a hard night of it. It is drizzling outside in the street and a few cars slither past every so often making that queer crackling noise they always do. You don't even have to look up to tell whether it's one of those expensive new cars or a dumpy old one. You can tell by the sound of the tires.

Well I'm sitting there talking to Joe when a girl comes running in and sits down and says Joe gimme a hamburger. This girl is wet through to the skin and shivering. Pretty tall she is too, and plenty nice.

She hasn't been sitting there for three minutes when in walks one of those college guys. He sits right down next to this girl. They are at the corner table.

First I think this guy is talking to himself but then it looks like he's saying something to the girl. I can see the girl is sore at him and don't want to listen to him. But this guy keeps pulling her arm and trying to get her to look at him. Joe don't say anything so I guess he knows them, but I never laid eyes on them before.

She looks like she can take care of herself all right so I don't pay any attention for awhile. But then this guy starts getting tough. He shoots off his mouth, and I don't like this guy at all.

He says who the Hell does she think she is anyhow. You don't fool me any. You're no better than the rest of them.

This goes on for a couple minutes and everybody in the place is looking at this guy like he must be nuts or something.

Finally the poor kid starts to cry. Big tears roll down her cheeks and she's trying to keep her mouth still but it won't. She has a sensitive mouth when you look close. At first it looks kind of hard and brittle but it ain't really. Her lips are trembling like red jello on a plate.

All of a sudden she ducks her head like something is going to hit her and runs right out the door. This guy half gets out of his seat when she leaves, and he raises his arm and opens his mouth. Then he sort of folds up slow-like, and his arm drops and his mouth shuts and he slumps down in his seat.

He sits quiet for awhile, then yells sharp at Joe for a hamburg and coffee. When Joe brings it he says thanks very quietly and asks for a pack of old golds. He munches his burg slowly as if he isn't very hungry. When the cigarettes come he opens the pack and lights up. He takes a puff, then a bite, then a puff.

I have to go then, but next morning when I get my breakfast Joe tells me that this guy stays there for two hours after I leave. He stays there smoking one cigarette after another till the whole pack is gone. Then he gets up and goes.



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"Pardon me, but could you tell me how to get out of the valley."

"Walk straight up the hill to the top and you'll be able to see your village, but please be quiet about it."

"Thank you," said Roger and he climbed the hill as quietly as he could.

Roger came walking up the street of the village with his lance in his hand and a very determined look on his face for he was going right up to tell Lord Barnol that this stuff about the dragon causing the plague was all wrong. His clothes were torn and his face scratched and bloody from his running through the woods. The tip of his lance was broken off from his having dropped his weapon when he met the dragon. So as he walked toward the castle all the people looked at him and then started to cheer and dance and march along behind him because they were sure that he had killed the dragon. Almost before you knew it the crowd was full of people who could actually see the dragon's ears in Roger's empty left hand.

All the apprentices who had started out with Roger on the expedition were in the crowd. They had all crept back through the woods with gruesome tales of the things they had seen and the dragons they had killed but none of them had the dragon's ears to prove their stories so none of them were believed. They were very glad of the diversion that Roger's little parade caused and they joined in behind him and shouted and whooped.

Roger led the way right up to the drawbridge and there in front of the castle sat Lord Barnol and Lady Alicia on their horses. Roger stood in front of his lord. The crowd stood behind him and shouted.

"Ah," beamed Lord Barnol, and the crowd was quiet. "Roger," he said, for he prided himself on knowing all his tenants by name, "you have seen the dragon?"

"Yes," said Roger, "I have seen the dragon."

"And you have brought back his ears?"

"No, I have not brought back his ears."

"Then you have brought back some proof that you have killed the dragon?"

"No, I have no proof that I have

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**Bethlehem****Dragon! Dragon! . . .**

killed the dragon. In fact," Roger said, as if on second thought, "I did not kill the dragon."

"What was that?" asked his lordship, leaning over to hear better and almost falling off his horse.

"I said," Roger told him speaking loudly and clearly, "that I did not kill the dragon."

"You mean that you saw the dragon and did not kill him."

"Precisely," said Roger. "I saw the dragon and I had a long conversation with him."

"Indeed," Lady Alicia said in her iciest tone, forgetting for a moment that a lady doesn't speak to tenants directly, "You saw the dragon and you spoke to him." She sounded as if she didn't believe him.

"Yes, I spoke to the dragon for an hour or two," Roger told her, stretching the truth a little. "And he told me," here he raised his voice, "that he doesn't breathe fire and that furthermore he had nothing to do with the plague and he doesn't know anything about it."

"So," said Lord Barnol, "you would take the dragon's word for it. Do you think he would tell you that he was responsible for the plague?"

"But he was such a small dragon and he seemed so honest," Roger hung his head for he saw how foolish he had been to believe the dragon.

"In other words," said Lord Barnol, working himself into a fine rage, "you saw the dragon, you spoke to it, you believed it, and then you came away without killing it!"

"Why," put in Lady Alicia, picking up her father's rage where he left off, "hanging is too good for him." She had read that in a book too.

Then Roger regained his courage and his trust in the dragon. "Nevertheless, he told me he was innocent and I believe him." The boy turned around and tried to push his way out of the crowd.

"Stop him!" shrieked the lord.

"String him up," screamed the lovely Lady Alicia.

So they did.

"But," the Fool remarked, "maybe he was right." They looked queerly at the Fool and then they laughed even louder than they ever had before.

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